National Tribune.

"To care for him who has borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans."

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RICH MOUNTAIN.

Western Virginia Cleared of Confederate Troops.

OHIO AND INDIANA.

How the Boys Stood Fire in Their First Battle.

MAJ.-GEN. W. S. ROSECRANS

Tells the Story for the Readers of The National Tribune.

I reported to General McClellan, on receiving orders from Columbus to turn over Camp Chase, the day before the departure of the forces from Camp Dennison to Western Virginia. When I arrived at Parkersburg, I found the Eighth and Tenth Indiana and the Tenth, Seventeenth and Nineteenth Ohio. He placed me in command of the provisional brigade, consisting of these troops, and left me at Parkersburg to put things in order as soon as possible.

I ordered part of the Seventeenth Ohio as guard to the railroad tunnels on the Parkersburg branch, and a detached part of the Tenth Ohio to go to Weston to save a bank which was there and which was reported in danger of capture. General McClellan proceeded to Grafton, Va. As soon as possible I proceeded with my provisional brigade to Clarksburg. They were unloaded from the cars and ordered to proceed on the road to Buckhannon. I repaired to General McClellan's headquarters for a personal conference, returning to Clarksburg at three in the morning, overtaking my men near daylight, where they went into bivouack at a place, indicated by General McClellan, on the north side of a little creek. I reconnoitered and made some inquiries, and learning there was no enemy nearer than Buckhannon, I selected a camp at Duncan's farm, a mile and a half in advance of the bridge, advised General McClellan, informing him that Buckhannon was not occupied, as had been reported, by a thousand men, nor by any men, but had been visited by a couple of cavalry companies from Roaring Creek, who had returned to that vicinity. I requested him to allow me to make a night march on Buckhannon, if his advices differed from mine, or if there was any likelihood of it, to allow me to attack Buckhannon, which, with some hesitancy, he authorized me to do, stating that he would join me; and the following night I marched on Buckhannon, arriving next morning and taking possession. From the inhabitants I had full confirmation of the accuracy of my information.

IN FACE OF THE ENEMY.

At this time General McClellan's headquarters were at Grafton, and General Morris, of Indiana, and General Hill, of Ohio, with all the remaining troops of General McClellan's command were at Phillippi, on the road from Grafton to Beverly, where they were confronted by General R. S. Garnett. I had known General Garnett at West Point, and afterwards I was stationed with him at Fortress Monroe when he was a first lieutenant of artillery. He was an elegant gentleman and a soldier.

Soon after my arrival at Buckhannon, General McClellan joined me with the Ninth Ohio, Colonel Robert L. McCook, commanding, the Third Ohio, Loomis' battery of artillery and another regiment. Shortly after, I was directed to seize the bridge across the middle fork of the Buckhannon River, about twelve miles on the road to Rich Mountain. Next day General McClellan followed with the rest of the command, and we marched to Roaring Creek and encamped within a mile and a half of the foot of Rich Mountain, on the side of which we could see the enemy's troops intrenching. Shortly after my arrival there I learned there was a young man named Hart, who belonged to a family in that settlement, who kept a tavern on the top of Rich Mountain, and who tended cattle which were herded through the mountains, and he knew the country well. I informed General McClellan of what I heard and told Captain O. M. Poe, engineer on McClellan's staff, suggesting he had better hunt him up.

French Creek Settlement was composed of Union men, who sent messengers down to inform us that the rebels were gathering a heavy force at Huttonsville, seven or eight miles south of Beverly, and that they were supposed to have somewhere near twenty thousand men there. We also learned from these people that it would be easy to go that way to Huttonsville, leaving Rich Mountain on our left, and that we could carry artillery through. I suggested to General McClellan that the force at Huttonsville had been greatly exaggerated, no doubt, and could not be anything but raw militia, and we could go by way of French Creek to Huttonsville with nearly the entire force and turn the position on Rich Mountain, capture Huttonsville and disperse the militia, and compel the retreat of the enemy over Cheat Mountain by way of Tygert's Valley back into Maryland, or oblige him to withdtaw towards Winchester into Virginia. General Garnett's position was twelve or fifteen miles north of Beverly, on the road to Grafton, and Huttonsville, seven or eight miles south of Beverly, on the road over Cheat Mountain into the great Valley of Virginia.

PREPARATIONS FOR ATTACK.

General McClellan thought this too adventurous, and ordered a reconnaissance in force on the enemy's position on our front, which he headed, my brigade supporting. It was made in the afternoon about 4 o'clock, and developed the fact that the enemy's intrenchments were on the west slope of Rich Mountain, near its foot, and that they had artillery.

The right of the intrenchment was covered by a laurel thicket, a mile or so in extent, so thick that a mountain hog could hardly crawl through it. The left was covered by fallen timber, five or six hundred yards wide. A turnpike road over Rich Mountain passed nearly through the centre of the line.

The estimated force of the enemy was from five to eight thousand, while our force did not exceed six thousand.

Near sunset the General ordered me to bivouac in line of battle on the road leading to the enemy's position, with the understanding that I would lead the attack next morning. Having taken up my position and made disposition for picketing the line during the night, I returned to my tent, and found Colonel Manson, of the Tenth Indiana, had hunted up the young man Hart, son of the tavern-keeper at the top of the mountain, a lad of about twenty-one years, and apparently very intelligent and honest. Questioning him carefully, I learned that he was familiar with the mountain paths in looking after cattle on the ranges, and that the tavern was two and three-fourths or three miles in rear of the enemy's position at the top of the mountain; that the tavern was in a low gap, and from this the turnpike road descended along the side of the mountain by a steep declivity towards Beverly, situated in Tygert's Valley, and seven miles distant from the tavern.

A FLANK MOVEMENT PROPOSED.

I made a little sketch from the information thus obtained, and having assurance from Hart that he could guide the head of the column by proper though rough paths to the vicinity of the tavern, I repaired to General McClellan's tent about 9 o'clock, and explained the matter to him as a piece of very important information, asking if he did not desire to see the young man, for whom, at his request, I sent. After questioning him some time, I said: "General, are you done with him?" He answered "yes." I directed him to go to my tent and stay there until I came up; and after he left I asked General McClellan what he thought of it. He considered it important, and that the young man was honest.

I waited for some time, and finally I said: "I tell you what, General, I think best to be done. Let me take my brigade and Hart, and I will start out at three in the morning with a day's rations, and will reach the tavern by half-past ten o'clock. I will attack and capture the place. You attack the enemy on the front, and if he don't give way I will post a regiment, ordering them to obstruct the road so that nothing can get by, and with the other three I will attack him in the rear." The General listened attentively and in silence. General Marcy, a gallant officer, and McClellan's father-in-law and chief of staff, said: "General, I think that a good plan?"

THE REGIMENTS SELECTED.

After some delay, General McClellan said: "You will want the Eighth Indiana, which is picketing the rear of our camp." I said: "Yes, I would like to have that regiment." "I will let you have it," said the General, "in lieu of the Tenth Ohio, part of which has gone away, and the Thirteenth Indiana, which has just arrived to-day, and will direct a portion of the Third Ohio to relieve the Eighth on the line. Would you not like to have Colonel Lander?" "Yes," I said. "He can take charge of the guide, and is a woodsman." "I will send," said the General, "part of Birdsall's cavalry as messengers—about half a company. I think you had better not start into the woods until five o'clock in the morning instead of three, as you proposed, and you send me a messenger every ten minutes reporting progress."

The General said to me: "How shall we know when to commence the attack? I don't want to begin too soon." I replied: "If Hart leads us by the road he expects, we shall be there by half past ten in the morning." "But," said he, "if you don't get there?" I said: "Well, then, you can tell by hearing the firing. Good night, General."

In his official report he says they heard firing at half past two.

I immediately sent for my colonels, and told them to be ready to form line in the street by three o'clock, leaving all the men on sick list and all who were lame; leaving the tents standing, and directed the camp-fires for cooking breakfast to be lighted and reveille to be beaten as usual in the morning. This precaution I took, because our camp was directly in sight of the enemy, so as not to excite his suspicion that any movement was taking place.

THE MARCH OVER THE MOUNTAINS.

My command consisted of the Eighth, Tenth and Thirteenth Indiana, and the Nineteenth Ohio. At five in the morning the head of the column turned from the road in the edge of the woods fronting our encampment in a drenching rain, and made its way through the paw paw bushes in spite of it, Colonel Lander, with the guide, leading.

One or two messengers were dispatched, reporting progress, but it became so slow, and the ground was so rough, that I suspected the guide was carrying us too far east, and found, after inquiry, that he was afraid of being captured, and was, therefore, steering us very much further from the enemy's encampment than he had intended to do if we had gone during the night, and over much worse ground.

At 10.30 in the morning the clouds began to break away a little, and we reached the west side of a deep valley, heavily timbered, the counter slope of which, Hart said, led us about a mile or a mile and a half southeast of his father's house, from where the road would be very easy to the slope leading down to the tavern. I dispatched General McClellan accordingly, and said: "As we are so near the point I will not send another messenger until something important has occurred."

At half-past twelve the head of the column was on the top of the counter slope. The troops halted and were directed to take their lunch and rest, while I proceeded up to an old field with Colonel Lander to reconnoiter. To the east, on my right, was a portion of the town of Beverly, and the end of an encampment of a line of tents was in view, the remainder being hid by the mountain. About eighteen army wagons could be seen in the street of the town and some cavalry. Everything was quiet around us. The tavern was hidden from view by an intervening wooded ridge, the top of which Hart said was about half a mile from his father's house. A sled road led around the left of the field along a ridge, where there was a wagon road turning to the north and going down to the tavern. On the left of the road was a deep ravine.

THE ENEMY IN SIGHT.

I directed the Eighth Indiana, which had the lead, to form and cross a narrow field into this road in column of companies, closed *en masse*, so as to make as little show as possible, and the Tenth to follow suit, the Thirteenth next, and the Nineteenth Ohio to bring up the rear. Then having crossed the field each command was to march by fours along the road. Unfortunately Colonel Benton misunderstood my order, and turned down the deep ravine, which caused some delay. Colonel Manson was obliged to take the lead, Colonel Benton following with the Eighth in his rear.

It was half-past one when the movement began. The head of Colonel Manson's regiment reached the top of the ridge when it was fired on by a strong picket guard of the enemy, which fled precipitately towards the tavern, leaving Captain Chris Miller, supposed to be mortally wounded, and two others wounded.

Colonel Manson pushed gallantly forward in pursuit, and when the tavern came into view formed a line of battle. I saw that the enemy had breastworks of logs, and they opened on us with artillery from the eastern end of their line, firing with a single piece of artillery, which was hidden from view by the trees. They also opened from the opposite end of the cleared ground west of the tavern, a little back of the wagon road, which we could see also, under cover of the trees, with another piece of artillery, but we could not see whether they had more than one gun. We had no artillery, and the cannon balls crashed through the timber over the heads of our men. They stood it well, although it was the first time they had ever heard that kind of music.

Colonel Benton's regiment was ordered to file to the right in the woods back of Manson, and stand in column until further orders. Manson was ordered to direct his men to lie down, so as not to be exposed to the enemy's musket fire, and to deploy a line of skirmishers to keep that fire down as much as possible. Lander went to the right of the line to look out, where I saw him mounted on a big rock. A sergeant on the right of Manson's line was passing up muskets, which he fired at the enemy, shouting, "Bang away, you scoundrels! We'll come down there and lick you like the d——l directly!"

MOVING FORWARD TO THE ATTACK.

I directed Colonel Sullivan to keep the open ground to the left of Manson's regiment with three companies in line, and to send three other companies, to the top of the knob on our left, directing the senior officer to deploy a strong line of skirmishers down in the woods on the northern slope of that knob, to reconnoiter the thicket to the west of the field, around which the road led into the main turnpike, so we might not be surprised by any troops occupying position on our flank.

I directed the Nineteenth Ohio, Colonel Beatty commanding, to halt his regiment about two hundred and fifty yards in the rear directly on this road, and remain in column until further orders. Meanwhile the musketry fire from the enemy's line rattled, and the artillery continued to blaze away. By mistake, Colonel Sullivan got the whole seven companies on the knob, and was obliged to bring them down one at a time by the flank, so that it was 3.40 when he finally got his troops into position as first directed. I looked at my watch at the time, and thought if the enemy only had a few Regulars how they would whale us, but said to myself that likely they didn't know any better than we did.

I then directed Manson to begin to advance, Colonel Benton, of the Eighth, to bring his regiment down in column by platoon nearly opposite the right of Manson's command, and to go down a steep slope which led into the turnpike, the crest of which would shelter his whole column when once there, and then to charge the battery on the enemy's left. Leading the head of the column down, showing the Colonel the crest behind which his troops would be sheltered from the enemy's fire, and pointing to the battery he was to take, I directed him, when he had captured the piece, to use his troops to the best advantage.

CROSS PURPOSES.

I then returned to our left, and directed Colonel Sullivan to take that portion of his command which was in column and move them by platoon along the wood road, winding around to the west of the fields, and to charge and capture the battery on the enemy's right, Colonel Beatty to follow with his command and fill up any space that might be left in our line of battle by expansion of the open ground to the left. Looking to the execution of my orders, I discovered, to my surprise, that Colonel Benton had come down opposite the centre of Manson's line, the right wing of which had just passed several fallen trees which obstructed the movement of the left so that there was a gap. I rode up to Colonel Benton, and said: "You have made a great mistake; but you can't file to the right now and expose your flank to this galling fire, in which you will lose a great many men. Go now to that gap, file through it, and charge that battery on the enemy's right, through the fields where the ground hollows out a little."

I returned to the left to see the execution of the other orders, but was arrested by seeing Colonel Benton, having filed through the gap, was forming a line of battle in front of Manson's left. I galloped back, and told Benton he had again misunderstood my directions, which were to charge in column through the hollow in the fields, and to capture the enemy on the right. I said: "Now you will go into line of battle, and I will direct Colonel Manson's left not to fire, but get out of your way, and you will charge in line of Manson's right." I then gave Colonel Manson orders to form the left wing on the left platoon, and then charge in column.

A GALLANT ASSAULT.

Continuing to the left, I overtook Sullivan at the head of his column, and shouting to the men to step out, we followed the road around the left of the field. When we arrived within a couple of hundred yards of the enemy's breastworks they opened a tremendous fire on the column, whereupon our people began to fire over one another's head, and I had to strike them with the flat of my sword to bring them to their senses and continue the charge.

Just then I heard the rattle of musketry from Beatty's line and saw the enemy begin to jump up and run, showing signs of flight. A shout arose from our column, and in a moment everything was going. The whole force advanced and crossed the field almost simultaneously. The batteries proved to be but one gun at each end. The enemy's troops rushed into the woods and ours in pursuit pell-mell.

I ordered Colonel Benton to form his command, and Manson to do likewise, as soon as possible. Benton was directed to watch the road towards Beverly, occupying the right of our line. A detail of infantry, under Captain Conkling, was put in charge of the two pieces, one being assigned to Benton, and the other to be used in the direction of the enemy's camp. The troops were reformed. During the most of the time showers and sunshine alternated. When the firing was over and the troops reformed, it was half-past five o'clock.

We had heard no noise from our front, and had no time to think of the reason why. The enemy's camp was about two and three-quarters miles distant, by a broad turnpike. Having noticed the weeds trampled down for a breadth of about equal to a company's front, a little back of our position in the line of battle, just described, at the beginning of the fight, I posted the greater portion of the Nineteenth Ohio near that point, apprehending it led directly to the enemy's camp. The remainder of the command formed across the road looking towards the enemy's camp, leaving Benton's regiment to watch the road towards Beverly.

A QUARTERMASTER IN LIMBO.

At this juncture a Confederate commissioned officer was brought in, who turned out to be the quartermaster of the Forty-fourth Virginia, Colonel Scott commanding, from whom I learned that Scott's regiment was about a mile down the road towards Beverly, and hearing noise on the hill he had come forward to reconnoiter. This, combined with what I had seen in Beverly from the old field, admonished me I was between two fires and had to look both ways and make my dispositions accordingly. Fortunately the turnpike, from the gap down towards where Scott's command was, descended in a long sweep, which would be exposed to our musketry and the fire of this piece of artillery, and I felt pretty safe against assault from that quarter, unless in pretty heavy force. I called the commanding officer of the little detachment of cavalry and asked him if he could send a man back to camp. He said that the horses were so broken down and the road so difficult to follow, he did not think it possible for a messenger to get through and advise General McClellan of the situation, and, accordingly, we concluded to wait until morning. Night closed down on us. Our guide had become so demoralized that I disraissed him near his father's residence before the battle, and told him he had better go home to Roaring Creek, where he would be safe.

The enemy's wounded and our own were collected, and filled all the buildings. The troops bivouacked in a cold, drenching rain. Firing along the picket-line compelled them to stand to their arms seven or eight times during the night. At three o'clock in the morning a young man was brought in, who said he was from Romney, and belonged to a company of Romney troops. I questioned him sharply as to why he was lurking about our lines, and learned from him that he was not a spy, but on account of their eastern troops talking among themselves, he and the western troops thought they had better look out for themselves. From this I at once inferred that the enemy was preparing to evacuate, and, knowing he was well acquainted with the country, concluded it would be best to attack as early as possible in the morning.

THE ENEMY TAKE TIME BY THE FORELOCK.

I sent for the colonels and told them to have the troops get some breakfast, but soon learned—what I afterwards found very common—that fresh troops were not good providers, and they had no breakfast. I directed the order of advance, putting the Thirteenth Indiana ahead, and followed, as soon as it was daylight, down the western slope towards the enemy's camp, skirmishers going through the thickets right and left, when shortly a cavalryman, who rode ahead with the colonel of the Thirteenth Indiana, came back and said a white flag was flying. I pushed around to the front and found it was so. An old Confederate major was in command, who rode in a buggy, and he surrendered the camp equipage, quartermaster's stores and about 175 men, among whom were the Williamsburg cadets.

Here we learned that the enemy had about one-half their force at the gap, and that it was sent there on account of the capture of a sergeant of Birdsall's cavalry with a short message to me, who mistook the way and followed the main road, and was wounded or taken prisoner on the enemy's front. The dispatch led them to think something was up.

Directing Sullivan to take command of the camp, I continued with the command, and marched towards our camp at Roaring Creek along the turnpike, and met General McClellan with the whole of the command, who marched directly to Beverly, directing me to leave proper officers in command of the hospital, and, returning to my camp, break camp and follow him, which I did, reaching Beverly the same day and going into camp.

RETREAT OF THE CONFEDERATES.

Meanwhile, the news of the catastrophe at Rich Mountain had been sent to Garnett, who commenced to withdraw the same night, but his flight was not discovered until morning, when General Morris and our command in front of Phillippi pursued him, diverging from the road to Beverly at a suitable point south of Laurel Hill, and started down Tygert's Valley River for Virginia.

General Pegram, who had commanded the position on the western slope of Rich Mountain, and had withdrawn to the north over the mountain, learning that General Garnett had retired and our troops were coming down the road to Beverly, sent in an officer under a flag of truce and surrendered.

General McClellan directed General Schley to pursue Colonel Scott and those troops which I had seen at Beverly, and which fled towards Huttonsville by the turnpike road over Cheat Mountain. I learned in Beverly that as Colonel Scott's quartermaster had reported to me instead of to him, he inferred that something was wrong, and withdrew precipitately to Beverly, and thence south, and got out of harm's way, over Cheat Mountain. Morris' command continued the pursuit of General Garnett to Carrick's Ford, on Tygert's Valley River, where General Garnett, supervising the rear-guard of his command, was killed.

The Confederates continued to retreat. General Garnett's body was brought into our camp, and subsequently delivered to a flag of truce, composed of Dr. Garnett, now of this city, and Bruce, of Halifax.

This movement, although almost bloodless on our part, substantially put an end to the domination of the Confederacy in Western Virginia.

It is true General Lee, then commander of the Virginia troops, undertook to recover it during the summer and autumn, but was unsuccessful. West Virginia then became a State in the Union.

Burning of Marietta.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

I fully indorse the statement of J. P. Coleman, of the Fourteenth Kentucky, in regard to the damnable falsehood of the burning of Marietta. My regiment, the Eightieth Indiana, was the last of Sherman's army that marched through that place, having been detailed to guard supplies at Big Shanty for fully a week after the charge and evacuation of Kenesaw. When relieved we marched through Marietta, and went into camp immediately south of the town, and remained there five or six days. I was in town every day during that time, but saw no burned or burning houses, nor heard of any, nor smelled any. The only destruction of property of any kind I heard of from Dalton to Atlanta (and I was with the command every step of the way) was the burning of a couple of cotton factories, and our wagons brought the operatives or factory girls into Marietta, quartered them in vacated houses, and furnished them with an abundance of rations, "barin' the snuff."

WM. H. RAY,
Co. C, 20th Ind. Inf.

MARQUETTE, NEB., Feb. 6, 1883.

NEBRASKA'S SENATOR.

Biographical Sketch of General Charles F. Manderson.

BATTLE OF CORINTH.

Thrilling Narrative in the Diary of a Confederate Soldier.

CAPTURE of CUMBERLAND

General Imboden's Raid into Maryland in 1863.

General Charles F. Manderson, well and favorably known in the Army of the Cumberland as the commander of one of the best regiments that the great State of Ohio contributed to the Union army, the Nineteenth O. V. I., is, in all the elements that constitute a gentleman, and in every attribute that should characterize a United States Senator, thoroughly equipped for a political career that his friends hope will end only with his life.

Crowded as the Congressional arena undoubtedly is, "there is always room at the top," and we are greatly mistaken if the Senator from Nebraska, entering it at the prime of life, and inspired by a noble ambition to win a place in the regard of the best citizens of his State and to leave the impress of his mind upon national legislation, does not reflect honor upon the people who have chosen him to represent them in the Senate of the United States?

The writer knew him well when he commanded the Nineteenth Ohio, has seen him under fire at Stone River, Chickamauga, and in the smoke and carnage of many battle-fields, and it is but repeating the sentiments of his superiors in command to say that in every emergency in which he was placed during a protracted and arduous military career he proved himself a soldier without fear and without reproach. The following sketch of General Manderson, written by his companion in arms, Colonel Lucius Drury, of Chicago, will be read with interest:

BIOGRAPHICAL.

General Charles F. Manderson, of Omaha, is in the prime of life, of fine presence, great personal magnetism, a persuasive and powerful speaker, and has had a thorough scholastic and legal training. A brief sketch of his life may help our comrades to know and appreciate his value and show them that he has grandly filled every position in life to which he has yet been called, which is of itself a guaranty that he will do as well in the future.

He was born in Philadelphia in 1837, receiving the best scholastic advantages obtainable in that city. In 1856 he removed to Canton, Ohio, and studied law until 1859, when he was admitted to the bar. Almost immediately elected to be city solicitor of Canton, he was filling the second term of that office when the eventful April, 1861, came. He recruited company A of the Nineteenth Ohio infantry, and served through the three months' service in West Virginia under McClellan, as part of General Rosecrans' brigade; the Nineteenth Ohio participated with great credit in the battle of Rich Mountain. Captain Manderson was specially mentioned in the report of the commander for efficient service. After the three months' service he re-enlisted his company for the war and was ordered with his command to Kentucky and Tennessee. The next battle of consequence was Shiloh, where he acted as major.

MILITARY CAREER.

The Nineteenth Ohio performed its full duty. The following is an extract from the official report of General Boyle: "Colonel Beatty and Major Manderson held their men steady and deported themselves, as did their officers and men, with coolness and courage." After Shiloh Major Manderson was almost continuously in command of his regiment, receiving rapid promotion of lieutenant colonel and colonel. Under his command the Nineteenth participated in the campaigns through Mississippi, Alabama, Tennessee and Kentucky. Its battle-roll includes Rich Mountain, Shiloh, Corinth, Crab Orchard, Stone River, Chickamauga, Mission Ride, New Hope Church, Pumpkin Vine Creek, Kenesaw, Pickett's Mills, Peach Tree Creek, Atlanta, Jonesboro, and Lovejoy's Station. On January 1, 1864, Colonel Manderson re-enlisted over 500 of the Nineteenth Ohio as veterans. On September 2, 1864, at the battle of Lovejoy's Station, the demi-brigade, under Colonel Manderson's command, in a vigorous and gallant charge, had taken the front line of the enemy's works with heavy loss, when their commander was severely wounded in the spine. Carried back to Atlanta he lay there paralyzed in the lower limbs for nearly two months. During the rest of the war he was unable to ride horseback, and resigned on March 17, 1865, because of physical disability, with the rank of brevet brigadier general. His commission from the President reads that it "is given for gallant, long continued and meritorious services during the entire war of the rebellion." He has received complimentary recognition of his army service from the War Department. During the term of office of President Hayes he was warmly urged by the Congressional delegations from Nebraska, Kansas, Iowa, Colorado and Ohio for the position of Secretary of War, the indorsement being entirely unsought.

He was the comrade in the Army of the Cumberland of General Garfield, who, in a speech at Canton, Ohio, in September, 1880, said: "I am glad to meet here again General Menderson, whom you all know, and who grew into heroic proportions by his work in the war, and did his duty nobly."

POLITICAL ANTECEDENTS.

In 1865 General Manderson resumed the practice of law at Canton, being elected for two terms district attorney. In 1866 he ran against Hon. Eckley, the then incumbent for the nomination for Congress in the 17th district, then Republican by nearly 5,000 majority. The fight was a long and exciting one, Eckley winning over General Manderson by but one vote—the youth of the latter being urged to his disadvantage. In 1869 he removed to Omaha, Nebraska, where he has resided for thirteen years. He has there practiced his profession with success. Has been for two terms president of the State bar association. He served for five years as the city attorney of Omaha. In 1871 and again in 1874 he was elected, without opposition, as member of the constitutional conventions held in Nebraska in those years. He is now forty-five years of age, practicing law actively, and, while not a politician, has ever given to the Republican party the service of his voice and pen.

If stainless character, splendid ability and a brilliant record as a soldier constitute claims upon his comrades for the high position of United States Senator, no man anywhere has superior claims to those of General Charles F. Manderson, of Omaha.

A MEMBER OF THE G. A. R.

Commander-in-Chief Van Dervoort, Grand Army of the Republic, writes us that Senator Manderson is Commander of Post No. 110, Omaha, Neb., and is "one of our oldest and best Grand Army comrades."

The Battle of Corinth.

[*From the Diary of a Confederate Soldier.*]

Saturday, October 4th.—An eventful day. At four o'clock a. m. our brigade was ordered to the left about a quarter of a mile, and halted, where we deployed forward a skirmish line, which kept up a constant fire. A battery in front of the right of our regiment opened briskly, and the enemy replied in the same manner. The cannonading was heavy for an hour and a half. Our regiment laid down and stood it nobly. The shells flew thick and fast, cutting off large limbs and filling the air with fragments. Many burst within twenty feet of me. It was extremely unpleasant, and I prayed for forgiveness of my sins, and made up my mind to go through the tempest. Colonel Sawyer called for volunteers to assist the Second Texas skirmishers. I volunteered, and took my company. Captain Perkins and Lieutenant Munson being taken sick directly after the severe bombardment, I led the company all the time. I went skirmishing at 7:30 and returned at 9:30. Four of Captain Foster's men were killed, but none of ours. The enemy fired very fast. We got behind trees and logs, and the way bullets did fly was unpleasant to see. I think twenty must have passed within a few feet of me, humming prettily. Shells tore off large limbs, and splinters struck my tree several times. We could only move from tree to tree by bending low to the ground while moving.

ON THE ANXIOUS SEAT.

Oh! how anxiously I watched for the bursting of the shells when the heavy roar proclaimed their coming. At 9:30 o'clock I had my skirmishers relieved by Captain Rouser's company, sent my men to their places, and went behind a log with Major Furger. At 10 o'clock the fight opened in earnest; this was on the right. In a few moments the left went into action in splendid style. At 10:15 o'clock Colonel Rogers came by us, only saying, "Alabama forces." Our regiment, with the brigade, rose, unmindful of shell or shot, and moved forward, marching about two hundred and fifty yards, and rising the crest of a hill the whole of Corinth, with its enormous fortifications, burst upon our view. The United States flag was floating over the forts and in the town. We were now met by a perfect storm of grape and canister, cannon and minie balls. Oh, God! I never saw the like. The men fell like grass. Giving one tremendous cheer, we dashed to the bottom of the hill, on which the fortifications were situated. Here we found every foot of ground covered with large trees and brush. Looking to the right or left I saw several brigades charging at the same time. What a sight! I saw men running at full speed, stop suddenly, and fall on their faces, with their brains scattered all around; others with their legs or arms cut off. I gave myself to God, and got ahead of my company. The ground was literally strewed with mangled corpses. One ball passed through my pants and cut twigs close by me. It seemed that by holding out my hand I could have caught a dozen bullets.

STORMING THE FORT.

We pushed forward, marching, as it were, into the mouths of the cannon. I rushed to the ditch of the fort. I jumped into it, and half-way up the sloping wall. The enemy were only two or three feet from me on the other side, but could not shoot us for fear of being shot themselves. Our men were in the same predicament. Only five or six were on the wall, and thirty or forty in and around the ditch. Catesby, my companion, was on the wall beside me. A man within two feet of me put his head cautiously up to shoot into the fort, but suddenly dropped his musket, and his brains were dashed in a stream over my fine coat which I had in my arms. Several were killed and rolled down the embankment. This was done by a regiment of Yankees. Some of our men cried "put down the flag," when it was lowered or shot into the ditch. Oh, we were butchered like dogs, for we were not supported. Some one placed a white handkerchief on Sergeant Buck's musket and he took it to a port-hole, but the Yankees snatched it off and took him prisoner. The men were falling ten at a time. The ditch being full and finding that we had no chance, we, the survivors, tried to save ourselves as best we could. I was so far up I could not get off quickly. I do not recollect seeing Catesby after this, but think he got off before; I trust in God he did. I and Captain Foster started together, and the air was literally filled with hissing balls. I got about twenty steps as quick as I could; about a dozen being killed in that distance. I fell down and crawled behind a large stump. Just then I saw poor Foster throw up his hands, and, saying "Oh, my God!" jumped about two feet off the ground and fell on his face. The top of his head seemed to cave in, and the blood spirted straight up several feet. I could see men falling as they attempted to run; some with their heads blown to pieces and others with the blood streaming from their backs.

TERRIBLE SCENES.

Oh, it was horrible. One poor fellow, being almost on me, told me his name, and asked me to take his pocketbook, and if I escaped to give it to his mother and tell her that he died like a brave man. I asked him if he was a Christian. He said he was. I asked him to pray, which he did with the cannons thundering a deadly accompaniment. Poor fellow; I forgot his request in the excitement. His legs were literally cut to pieces. As our men retreated, the enemy poured into us a terrific fire. I was hardly thirty feet from the mouths of the cannons. Minie balls filled the stump I was behind and the shells burst within three or four feet from me; one was so near it struck me and burnt my face with powder. The grape-shot knocked large pieces from my stump; it was gradually wearing away. I endured the horors of death here for one-half hour. Our troops formed in line and advanced a second time to the charge with cheers; but began firing when about half-way, and I had to endure it all. I feigned death. I was between our own and the enemy's fire. In the first charge our men did not fire a gun, but charged across the ditch and up to the very mouths of the cannons. But our boys were shot down like hogs; they could not stand the storms that came from the Yankee's thundering guns. I had no chance whatever. All around me were surrendering. I could do no better than follow suit; but thank God I am unhurt; nothing but a merciful Providence saved me.

A Comrade's Opinion of M Quad.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

I have been taking THE TRIBUNE about five weeks, and have [illegible] to M Quad's story [illegible] ing [illegible] the [illegible] th[illegible] and Nashville on our way home, and if Marietta is burned, it has been done since the 1st of June, 1865. We did not go to Dixie to make war with or burn out helpless women and children, and I think if a few more names go in as testimony against M Quad, he will begin to think he has lied.

GEORGE H. COOPER,
Co. A, 98th Ill. Vol. Inf

Capture of Cumberland.

In the general movement of the Army of the Potomac from the line of the Rappahannock, Snow's battery left Aquia Creek at dark on the 13th of June, and marching via Stafford Court-house, arrived within a mile of Fairfax Court-house on the afternoon of the 15th, going into park with the artillery reserve.

Breaking camp on the 25th of June the battery moved through Fairfax Court-house to Arlington Heights, encamping for the night near Fort Albany. Next day it moved across the Potomac, by way of the Long Bridge, through Washington city to Camp Barry.

On the 28th of June it was posted at Fort Lincoln, near Bladensburg. At 2.30 p. m. July 1st, it left Fort Lincoln and marched by the Baltimore road, arriving at the environs of that city at 2.30 a. m. July 2d. Toward noon it moved through the city and parked at Camp Belger. Embarking on the cars of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, at Mt. Clare depot, July 6th, the battery proceeded with General Briggs' command to Monocacy Junction, and thence to Maryland Heights, where it was put in position on the morning of the 8th, to command the approaches from the direction of Sharpsburg.

On the 16th of June, in consequence of the defeat of General Milroy's command at Winchester, and in anticipation of an attack upon Grafton, all the Union forces along the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, west of Martinsburg, were concentrated at New Creek. After reaching that place, the Second Potomac Home brigade infantry, under Colonel Bruce, took station on the top of Knobley Mountain. Cumberland was evacuated and left wholly unprotected.

THE ENEMY IN VIEW.

A thousand rumors were soon afloat, and the streets were filled with excited people, who were in momentary expectation of the appearance of the Confederates. Their apprehensions were still further excited by the removal of the rolling stock, moveable machinery, &c., of the railroad company. On the 16th it was reported that the enemy was rapidly approaching the city in force, whereupon a number of citizens retired with considerable precipitancy in the direction of Pennsylvania, and merchants began to cast about for means whereby they might save their goods from confiscation by the expected visitors. Night came, however, and brought with it no enemy. But the early dawn discovered a small squad of strange-looking men on the brow of the hill, east of the city, on the Williams road. Several of the escaped cavalrymen from Milroy's command advanced to ascertain whether they were friends or foes, and were saluted by the discharge of two small field pieces, the shells from which dropped in the vicinity of McKaig's foundry, whereupon the aforesaid cavalrymen retired with commendable speed. The presence of the enemy was quickly heralded throughout the city; a few more citizens took refuge in flight, while the merchants generally closed up their stores, and joined the excited groups that gathered on the streets. In a little while two representatives of the Confederacy rode into town with a flag of truce. Shortly afterwards, Acting Mayor V. A. Buckey, heading a deputation of citizens, with a similar flag, met the emissaries of the Confederacy, and a consultation was held, the result of which was that the town was surrendered, with the understanding that private property was to be respected and no depredations to be permitted.

EPISTOLARY COURTESIES.

The following is the correspondence on the occasion:

To the Commanding Officer of Cumberland:

You are surrounded by a superior force, and, as an act of humanity, I demand the surrender of the city. The bearer, Captain R. R. Mussey, is authorized to negotiate as to the terms of surrender.

J. D. IMBODEN,
Colonel Cavalry Brigade.

This letter was handed Mayor Buckey, and the following response was made:

J. D. IMBODEN, Col. Comd'g Confederate Forces.

SIR: Your note addressed to officer commanding at this point has just been handed me, and as there is no force here to resist you, and no officer in command, I, as Mayor, for the time being, do, as far as I can, surrender the city, as demanded, upon the following terms, viz: That private persons and property and the property of the State of Maryland be respected.

V. A. BUCKEY,
Mayor pro tem. of Cumberland.

Colonel Imboden accepted the terms in the following note:

To the Acting Mayor of Cumberland.

SIR: I will receive a surrender of the city of Cumberland, and will respect all private property except such property as the Quartermaster may desire for the Confederate States. No public property except of the State of Maryland will be respected.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
J. D. IMBODEN,
Colonel Cavalry Brigade.

THE CAVALRY HELPING THEMSELVES.

About 350 of Imboden's cavalry, with two pieces of artillery, presently appeared, and after securing such horses as they could find, induced some of the merchants to open their stores. The Confederates then purchased pretty freely such articles as hats, boots, shoes, clothing, &c., paying for the same in Confederate money, a species of currency which had then a rather limited value. No damage was done to either public or private property, beyond the destruction of a portion of the telegraph lines. The Confederates were ill at ease while in town, knowing that a considerable force of Union troops was at New Creek and might at any moment put them to flight. After a few hours spent about the streets they departed, being accompanied by several young men who concluded to cast their lot with the South.

General Kelley and staff had arrived in town, from Pennsylvania, on Tuesday night and left for New Creek about the time of the arrival of Imboden's men the next morning. Finding a portion of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad torn up, a short distance from town, the train upon which they had embarked was brought back and taken over the Cumberland and Pennsylvania Railroad to Piedmont and thence to New Creek. On the following day a force of cavalry from New Creek came to Cumberland and captured several of Imboden's command who had remained with friends in town. In a few days the excitement subsided, and the routine of business, pleasure and gossip was resumed.

The raiders did no violence to person, except in the case of Griffin Twigg, Sr., living near Murley's Branch. The particulars are not exactly known, but the old man was killed; not, however, until he had killed two of the enemy and wounded another.

[illegible] canal, as well as the tele[illegible] damaged, and commu[illegible] for more than a